

THE
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MEMOIR OF MRS. GARRICK.

WE feel some hesitation about inserting the following memoir, for we cannot flatter ourselves into the belief that much of the matter is new to our readers. We, however, thought that the portrait of Mrs. Garrick, given in this number (and which, we can assure our readers, affords a most accurate representation of that lady's features and appearance), might excite a wish in many to re-peruse her life; and we may claim the merit of having been very industrious in our endeavours to gain all possible information of this eccentric and much-admired being.

MRS. GARRICK was born at Vienna, on the 29th of February, 1724-5; and, as appears by the registry of her baptism in the cathedral church of St. Stephen, was the second of the three children of Mr. Johann Veigel, a respectable inhabitant of that city, and of Eva Maria, his wife. From the intimacy of her father with M. Hilferding, a celebrated *maitre de ballet* of that period, the superior talent which Mademoiselle Veigel possessed, was discovered, and her friends were, in consequence, induced to consent to her appearance on the stage. The Italian Opera in London affording great encouragement to foreign candidates for popular favour upon its boards, Mademoiselle Violetti (for this was the theatrical name adopted by her and her family, on her engagement at the opera of the Grand Duke of Florence) resolved to try her success on them, and about the year 1744, accompanied a gentleman and his wife on their journey to England, in quest of some property, to which they had become entitled. She brought with her to this country, recommendations from the Countess of Stahrenberg to the Countess of Burlington, and other distinguished ladies in England, which, aided by her own mental and personal accomplishments, soon conduced to procure for her a great deal of attention and patronage from many persons in high life. A short time after her engagement at the opera, where she displayed transcendant talents as a dancer, she was withdrawn from the stage, and received as an inmate at Burlington House, and treated with the most affectionate, and even maternal regard by the Countess. The extraordinary warmth with which this patronage was sanctioned by the Earl of Burlington himself, gave occasion to the following romantic story, published in the "Memoirs of Lee Lewes."

"The late Earl of Cork and Burlington, that distinguished patron of the fine arts, had, during his tour through Italy, an amour with a young lady of family,

in the city of Florence. Their intimacy produced, at a naturally expected period, a sweet pledge of their endearments. His Lordship was unfortunately called home before he could have the pleasure of beholding the dear offspring of his tender attachment; and the mother, although she was abandoned by her relatives for the disgrace she had brought upon her family, sought in her infant the only comfort she could find for the absence of its father. Family considerations obliged him, after his return from Italy, to form a matrimonial connexion with a native of his own country. But this union of family prudence and accommodation could not obliterate his fond remembrance of his former love, nor the affection he felt as a parent; in a word, he deserted neither the Italian lady nor his child: he sent ample remittances to her, and actually corresponded with her by letters, and several trusty messengers, whom he employed for the purpose of hearing faithfully the state of the mother and her infant, which he had every reason to believe was his own. The lovely girl received from her well-bred mother a virtuous and an accomplished education. She was the delight of her parent; and the great advances she made in every branch of politeness and elegance, rendered her capable of adorning the most exalted spheres of life. Unfortunately, before she arrived at womanhood, she lost her mother, whom she had the affliction to see gradually falling the victim of a cause too latent for her to discover; and as her mother never gave her the least personal knowledge of her real father, she thus found herself, at a very early period of life, in the situation of an orphan, without a parent to guide, protect, or cherish, that period of female life, when all around is danger and delusion. She had, however, the satisfaction of learning from her mother, that her father was of a family both honourable and noble. His Lordship having early intelligence of the death of the amiable woman, immediately formed a plan for completing the education of his daughter. To effect this desirable purpose, he wrote to a person at Florence, in whom he had great confidence, to take instant charge of the young creature. This person, however, proved so unfaithful, as to appropriate to himself the greater part of the allowance that should have supported and educated the absent daughter with every splendour and accommodation becoming her descent. She was even thankful to him for an engagement he obtained for her as a dancer in the Opera-House of the Grand Duke. Her appointment as a dancer soon reaching the ears of her noble father and protector, made him resolve that she should no longer continue at such a distance from his care and observance. Being arrived at the most precarious time of life, and her situation being, in every respect, truly hazardous, still more determined him to despatch a messenger for her, who engaged her to come to England at a much greater salary than she could ever possibly expect to have in Italy.

"The period of the arrival of Signora Violetti was soon after Mr. Garrick (with whom she was engaged) commenced manager of Drury-lane Theatre. The graces that attended her first appearance charmed and prepossessed every spectator in her favour.

"My readers must almost anticipate my informing them, that the noble Lord, her father, although under covert, was not the less zealous or inactive in establishing her reputation. He likewise embraced every opportunity of conversing with his fair offspring in her native language, in which he found her to possess all the perfection his most anxious wishes could have formed. But these frequent and pleasing conversations to both were not yet sufficiently satisfactory to the parent, who was naturally impatient to have the mutual enjoyment that arises from filial and parental intercourse, uncontrolled by disguise, and unfettered by mystery. Nothing could possibly ease the solicitude of the anxious parent, but providing her an asylum under his own roof; to accomplish this desirable object required the greatest delicacy and discretion. His Lordship being blessed with a daughter some years younger than Signora Violetti, this circumstance suggested to him the idea of having his fair exotic the tutress of her unknown sister. The Signora winning incessantly on his affections, increased his impatience to effect his purpose of having her in his family. As his daughter by his lady frequently accompanied him to the theatre, he availed

himself of this circumstance to increase an esteem in her for her unknown relation, the admired dancer. Particularly specifying her graces and excellences, he soon caused his honourable daughter to feel warmly in the interests of Signora. Finding that he had thus far succeeded in his wishes, he asked her one night, as they were sitting in the stage-box, if she would approve of Signora Violetti as companion and tutoress in the Italian tongue, in which he informed her that she was eminently perfect, and that her other accomplishments were equally excellent. He was happy to find his ardent wishes almost anticipated, by the ready and pleased compliance of the young lady. The Signora was, therefore, conveyed the same night, in his Lordship's carriage, to the town mansion in Piccadilly.

"This fair and amiable stranger at home found her accommodations in that abode of hospitality, in every respect equal, and even surpassing, the most sanguine wishes of her heart; and she felt herself, for the first time, in a state of happiness, in which nature had more concern than reason at present could explain. But as the tenor of human comfort was not meant to consist in a continuity of satisfaction, hers was soon interrupted by him who wounds every breast, either to fill it often with the balm of enjoyment, or the bitterness of affliction. Love sat heavy on her breast, and pallid on her cheek. Her charms withered, and her health decayed; until nature, exhausted, obliged her to recline on the couch of sickness. His lady was likewise greatly affected, and sympathised with her noble partner for the loss they were all likely to sustain. Her Ladyship, however, not despairing of a remedy being found, took the most prudential and effectual method, by delicately searching the tender heart of the afflicted fair one. Dr. Mead, the Esculapius of the day, pronouncing her disorder beyond his power, or even that of medicine, to remove, prompted the good lady to divine the cause. She was convinced that *love* alone was the disturber of her mind, and the destroyer of her frame. Assured of this, her Ladyship made her fair guest a visit, resolving, if possible, to discover the latent cause of her indisposition. For this purpose, she, with great address, asked her where she felt the most pain, and in what manner particularly she was affected. Not receiving to these questions, and some others of a similar nature, the most explicit answers, her first suspicions were still stronger confirmed. With all the tender delicacy, therefore, which distinguished her amiable character, she seized her hand with benign sympathy, and declared she was most extremely happy to have discovered that the cause of her malady was not incurable. 'The cause is love,' said she, 'and for which I think a certain cure may be found.'

"O, my dear Madam!' said the much-to-be pitied young lady, 'spare me, spare me! I dare not confess my weakness, even to you, all-gracious as you have been to your orphan charge! And I cannot express the remorse I feel at my being obliged to behave with ingratitude to your dear Lord, by concealing from him as well as from you, two such generous benefactors, what preys upon my existence, and must finally bear me to my grave.'

"My dear Signora,' replied the lady, 'tis now in your power to acquit yourself of all conceived obligation to both him and me, by so far convincing us we deserve your confidence, as to trust us with the important secret. We would wish to have this assurance of your reposing in our zealous efforts being exerted in your welfare. It is no idle curiosity that urges my entreaty, but an indescribable interest I feel in your favour.'

"The above candid, sincere, and interesting declaration of the good lady was too prevailing. It won at once the confidence and heart-felt gratitude of the afflicted fair one. She confessed that Mr. Garrick was the object of her esteem; but that he was as yet entirely ignorant of being the cause of what she had so severely felt from her tender attachment.

"The amiable lady, with the greatest concern, heard this confession, and told her, with symptoms of apprehension, that she feared the possibility of her desires ever being gratified by the attainment of their object; that Mr. Garrick was a young fellow universally caressed by families of the first distinction, and one who had been already suspected of aspiring to rank and fortune in a matrimonial alliance. She represented, likewise, to her languishing patient,

many other difficulties; but finding they had visibly affected the tender state of the now all-desponding fair, she assured her that no means should be left untried. She begged that neither languor nor hopeless grief should be suffered to prey any longer on her almost exhausted frame. 'Confide,' said she, 'in my Lord's good offices, and be assured of our best efforts being exerted to obtain you consolation and relief.'

"His Lordship was rejoiced that his lady had obtained the secret cause of his beloved (although unavowed) daughter's indisposition; in proportion to its concealment having caused him the greatest uneasiness, its discovery afforded him pleasure. Being possessed of the truth, his hopes of his child's speedy recovery began to revive. Knowing Garrick's love for money was the ray of his expectation and the guide of his measures, Mr. Garrick was instantly sent for to his house. He had no sooner arrived, and inquired after the health of Signora, than his Lordship opened the negotiation of Hymen, by informing him, with a smile, that the lady's indisposition was not to be removed by any other than one Dr. Garrick, an intimate acquaintance of his.

" 'Pray, my dear Lord,' said the astonished manager, 'explain yourself.'

" 'Well, Sir,' answered his Lordship, 'should you find, upon the strictest inquiry, that Signora Violetti is a lady of family and fortune, and possessed of every virtue indispensable to the honour of the female character, do you think you could satisfactorily receive her from my hands, with a portion of ten* thousand pounds? And here let me inform you, that she is my daughter.'

"The enraptured Garrick gave his Lordship ten thousand thanks for the unmerited honour and fortune to which he so unexpectedly, but generously, invited him. He at the same time declared, with all due decorum, that the lady was, from the first moment of his acquaintance with her, far from being indifferent to either his views or his wishes; and that he had ever felt more than a common interest in her favour.

" 'You add to my satisfaction, and relieve the parental apprehensions I felt for the recovery of my daughter,' replied his Lordship; 'until the cause of her complaint was discovered, the fear of losing my child was my constant affliction. And now, Doctor, if you please, I will conduct you to your patient; my Lady will, I know, accompany us.'

"When Mr. Garrick entered the chamber, he flew to the bed-side of his enamoured fair, and acted his part with as much grace, and, perhaps, more nature, than he had ever performed it on the stage. His Lordship then pleasantly informed her, that her Doctor had been in danger of the same disorder, and from the same cause—an obstinate and unnecessary silence. From this auspicious hour, the God of Health rebloomed her cheek, and re-illuminated her eye. And the English Roscius continued unremitting in his attendance on the young lady, whose cure was speedily effected, to the great joy of the noble family.

"The nuptials being celebrated, Mr. Edward Moore, the ingenious city poet, inscribed a very pretty copy of verses to Mrs. Garrick, wherein he describes Fortune in search of a favourite daughter. After many a weary step, she stopped her giddy wheel at Burlington-gate, where she found the object of her inquiry, and lavished on her the choicest of her favours."

The marriage took place on the 22d of June, 1749, first at the chapel in Russell-street, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Franklin, and in the same day, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, at the chapel of the Portuguese embassy, in South Audley Street, by the Rev. Mr. Blyth. The marriage portion bestowed by the Earl and Countess was 6000*l.*, to which Mr. Garrick added 4000*l.*; and Lady Burlington was a party to the deed of settlement. Previous to this match, it is certain that Garrick had contemplated marrying the celebrated Mrs. Woffington. Mr. Murphy relates, in his Life of the British Roscius, that he has frequently heard her declare, that Garrick went so far as to try the wedding-ring upon her finger.

There are two circumstances which do not reflect much credit upon Mrs

* Mr. Murphy mentions the sum to have been six thousand pounds.

Garrick's character. A handsome monument was erected several years after Garrick's funeral to his memory, by Mr. Albany Wallis, at his own expense. That gentleman waited for a long time, in expectation that this last testimony of respect would have been paid by Mrs. Garrick. Finding, at length, upon application to that lady, that nothing of the kind was intended, Mr. Wallis resolved, in a most liberal manner, to pay that mark of respect to his deceased friend. How it was that Mrs. Garrick, with such ample means as she herself possessed, could have permitted those honours to be paid to the memory of her husband, which were so eminently due from her, we are at a loss to conjecture; and the more especially, as she did not hesitate to expend upon the idle pageant of a funeral twice the sum that would have paid for an elegant and durable monument to be placed over his remains. On another point, she appears to have been hardly less careless and remiss. Shortly after Garrick's death, it was remarked to Dr. Johnson, in a large company, "You are recent from the Lives of Poets, why not add your friend Garrick to the number?" Johnson's answer was, "I do not like to be officious; but if Mrs. Garrick will desire me to do it, I shall be very willing to pay that last tribute to the memory of a man I loved." Mr. Murphy says, that he took care to have this sentiment repeated to Mrs. Garrick, by her deceased husband's nephew, David Garrick, who lived near her on the banks of the Thames, at Hampton; but that no answer was ever received.

This inattention does, we must confess, appear very inconsistent with the violent expressions of regret which have been recorded of Mrs. Garrick, whenever she had occasion to allude to her "dear David:" from whose will, it will be seen that she might, without undergoing any privations herself, have expended a few hundred pounds in erecting a monument to his memory. By this he bequeathed all his personal property to his wife; his houses at Hampton, and in the Adelphi, for and during the term of her natural life, on condition of her keeping the premises in good repair (a stipulation which she did not, we believe, very rigidly fulfil), and paying all quit-rents, taxes, and other rents belonging to the same. Also, his household linen, plate, &c.; and his carriages and horses, wine, &c. In ready money he bequeathed her a thousand pounds, to be paid her immediately after his decease; five thousand pounds to be paid her within twelve months from the day of his death; and an annuity of fifteen hundred pounds per annum. During the early part of her widowhood, Mrs. Garrick had the consolation of entertaining, as a friendly guest, under her roof, Mrs. Hannah Moore, between whom and herself the most sincere and uninterrupted friendship subsisted, and with whom she corresponded occasionally to the latest period of her life. When her mind had been restored to comparative tranquillity, she received, with her accustomed hospitality, the visits of a select number of her friends. Nor were suitors wanting to induce her to enter a second time into the marriage state; and it is somewhat remarkable, that among others, Lord Monboddo made an anxious effort to obtain her hand by the most complimentary proposals, which were, however, firmly, though gratefully, declined.—(*To be continued.*)

EXTRACTS FROM THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.

ACT IV.

LORD AND LADY SPLASHTON.

Lord Splash. Really, my dear, your uncle's propositions are delicious. Retire to the country, turn squire, dig the earth, and drink ale!—ha! ha!

Lady Splash. Upon my word, I expected he would have proposed to me to dress my own maid, or make tea for my footman. Seriously, it charms me to find that we agree so well on this point. I think I never saw you looking so amiable in all my life.

Lord Splash. Upon my life, we were made for each other, I believe. We always did agree in every thing, and certainly always shall for the future. [*Aside.*] How beautiful she looks!

Lady Splash. Well then, let us vow never to suspect or be jealous of each other again—never to give the least cause for it either.

Both. Agreed! agreed! [*embrace.*]

Enter Servant—gives LORD SPLASHTON a note.

Lord Splash. Ah! from Lady Mary! [*Opens and reads.*]*—[Aside.]* "I shall expect you, my dear Lord, at five, if you can tear yourself away from her Ladyship. Affectionately thine, MARY FRETFUL." [*Aside.*] To be sure I can, dear creature! [*To Servant.*] Say, my compliments—Yes! [*Exit Servant.*]

Lady Splash. [*Aside.*] A note! I wonder what it is about!—aye, or who it is from! Oh, perhaps nothing! but really I should like to know who sent it.—Pray, my dear, is that note from Mr.—Mr. Counter?

Lord Splash. Oh no, my love! This note is—is—from Sir Harry Flutter, about a shooting pony, so well trained that one may fire off its back.—Nothing that can interest you, my love.

Lady Splash. [*Aside.*] 'Tis from Lady Mary, I am sure.—But I confess I am interested about the little animal—do let me see what he says.

Lord Splash. Ha! ha! Now you imagine, I dare swear, that it comes from some one else—ha! ha!—You are going to be jealous.—You forgot you vowed never to harbour such ideas, my love.

Lady Splash. And you, never to give cause for them, my dear.

Lord Splash. That's true: I should not object to your reading the note, only that it's giving you a very bad habit. I never could think of making such a request of you: I should consider a husband as mad, were he so unreasonable with his wife.

Enter Servant—gives LADY SPLASHTON a note. [Exit Servant.]

Lady Splash. [*Aside.*] From Lureall.—Ah, well, I think I have changed my mind.—Upon general principles I agree with you. [*Opens and reads.*] "I will call in a few minutes, and escort your Ladyship to Kensington Gardens. Lady Mary, with whom I now am, has just written to your husband to engage him at five; so we shall not be interrupted by him. Ever yours, HARRY LUREALL."—[*Aside.*] So his note is from Lady Mary!

Lord Splash. [*Aside.*] I wonder who the deuce that note is from! She reads it attentively. Oh! oh! she places it in her bosom! It must be from George Foster. Hem! I am not the only one, I perceive, who receives notes; and though, out of joke, I might refuse to produce mine; yet you, my love, are so candid in every action, I dare say you will have no hesitation in showing yours.

Lady Splash. Certainly not, only it would be giving you a very bad habit, my dear. Mine is only about a curricule-pony perfect in all his paces, and so timid, a lady may drive him—I dare say he is a match for yours.

Lord Splash. [*Aside.*] Confusion! she is ridiculing me!—Beyond a doubt, Lady Splashton, I have no desire to see your note, that is evident; I cannot help, however, remarking that there is a wide difference between a husband and a wife having correspondents.

Lady Splash. So it is considered in the code of nuptial laws, framed by gentlemen, whose fixed principles are, that they may amuse themselves to their heart's content, while their ladies are only justified in sitting quiet and looking on.

Lord Splash. It does not appear, however, that your Ladyship has any intention of becoming a tranquil spectator, according to the matrimonial act you have just quoted.

Lady Splash. [*Aside.*] Since he torments me thus, I am resolved to conquer. He dare not give up Lady Mary's note, therefore I am safe.—Well then, my Lord, to prove how unfounded are your suspicions and jealousies, I produce my note. [*Holds it out.*] You may read it, on—

[*He seizes it, but holds it up. She screams and seizes his arm.*]

Hold, hold, my Lord! hear, hear me! On one condition I said you might read it. As a man of honour, I trust to your not taking advantage of your unfair attack; if you do, all confidence between us is at an end.

Lord Splash. Name, then, the condition quickly—I—I will agree to it.
[She looses her hold.]

Lady Splash. That you surrender your note to me; that is but just, my Lord. [Sneering.]

Lord Splash. [Confused and aside.] I am confounded. To give up Lady Mary's note is impossible, yet my desire to open her's!—No, no,—my only resource is to affect confidence, and obtain credit for my forbearance.

Lady Splash. [Aside.] He hesitates—I conquer,

Lord Splash. Ha! ha! My love, I dare say you thought me serious. Ha! ha! I was merely in jest. [Returns the note.] The idea of my being jealous! Absurd!—No; I have too much confidence in you to entertain such unbecoming notions.

Lady Splash. [Tears the note.] Oh, I assure you you were perfectly welcome to have read it; though in returning it, did you not make a merit of necessity? [throws the pieces at his feet.]

Lord Splash. Very well, Madam; this is your return for my generosity. Oh woman!

Lady Splash. But I am detaining you. Lady Mary, I think, in her note, rather expects you at five;—it's now five.

Lord Splash. [Aside.] Confusion and madness! Deceived and laughed at!—This is beyond bearing! Madam, I believe every thing—George Foster!—Yes, Madam, beware!—Confusion!—George Foster! [Exit in a fury.]

ACT V.

SIR SIMON FOSTER AND COUNTER.

[Sir Simon has just parted with his son George, who has been passing himself off upon the Counters as Lord Henry Drummond.]

Counter. I beg you a thousand pardons, my dear Sir Simon, for leaving you alone. I have only just heard you were in the house.

Sir Simon. Alone! Oh no, I was not alone. I was conversing with your young visitor; his nose began to bleed: he has just left me.

Counter. [Aside.] Oh, he has been talking with Lord Henry Drummond. —Well, he is a fine young man, and has all the characteristics of a gentleman in his appearance—eh, Sir Simon?

Sir Simon. Aye that he has. Take my word for it, there does not breathe a more gallant young fellow in all England: he's full of life and spirits, just as a young man ought to be.

Counter. So-so!—So, Sir Simon, you are, I perceive, perfectly acquainted with his character.

Sir Simon. To be sure I am: devilish odd if I was not; for I have known him ever since he was born.

Counter. Indeed! [Aside.] I am quite surprised!

Sir Simon. He is a little wild, however. Egad, so was I at his age, and he was always reckoned very like me. Don't you see the resemblance?

Counter. No, no! I cannot say I do.

Sir Simon. No! Oh, you are no judge. In general it strikes every one at the first glance. His mother was indeed an angel: my admiration of her was only to be equalled by her attachment to me.

Counter. [Starts.]—[Aside.] Mercy on me! what does he mean by so palpable an insinuation?—Yes, yes, I always heard that she was a model of perfection.

Sir Simon. True; and her temper was so heavenly, I can safely say, that I never once knew her out of humour during the many years we lived together as man and wife.

Counter. Good heavens, Sir Simon!! Mercy on me!--you lived with her as man and wife!!! [*Aside*] Does he mean to blast the Duchess of Dunbar's reputation?

Sir Simon. To be sure I did—as surely as that young man is my son. Why what astonishes you so prodigiously?

Counter. Your son, Sir Simon?—Oh, Sir Simon! Sir Simon! You are not serious—No, no, you mistake.

Sir Simon. Mistake, Sir? What the devil do you mean? Do you doubt his being my son, Mr. Counter?

Counter. Since you force me to declare it, I do, Sir—I disbelieve it altogether. And supposing that he was, it would be much more to your credit to conceal such an event, than thus publicly to boast of any thing so disreputable. Oh, shameful!

Sir Simon. Confusion and consternation! Look ye, Mr. Counter, we are old friends, but this is too gross an insult to be borne. Your insinuations are contemptible and unwarrantable, Sir!

Counter. Hold! Hold! Sir—not unwarrantable. Your surprise at my warmth will cease when I inform you that that young man is to be my son-in-law.—

Sir Simon. [*Frantic.*] Your son-in-law!—Why, Sir, I have engaged him to another lady.

Counter. To another lady! Sir, he is engaged to my daughter, and I have just given his solicitor the portion of 30,000*l.* Oh, Sir Simon! your conduct in all this is too scandalous. You have forgotten yourself quite.

Sir Simon. It's you who have forgotten yourself. This living with lords has turned your brain. He marry your daughter? Did you not yesterday tell me that you had refused his proposals?

Counter. No, Sir—I most positively deny it,—most positively, Sir.

Sir Simon. Are you out of your senses?—I am thunderstruck at your assertions.

Counter. Your attack upon my veracity, Sir, is unjustifiable. I declare solemnly that I never mentioned Lord Henry Drummond's name or his proposals to you in all my life.

Sir Simon. I never said you did. In the name of wonder, what have I to do with Lord Henry Drummond? I was talking about my son George and his proposals—my son, who has just left this room.

Counter. Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Simon! I see the mistake—ha! ha! Egad, I thought you were alluding to the Duchess of Dunbar and Lord Henry Drummond all this time—my new son-in-law.

Sir Simon. Ha! ha! ha! this is excellent! Come shake hands—we were both right and both wrong—ha! ha!

Counter. With all my heart. But did you say that your son George had just left this room?

Sir Simon. Certainly; what, do you still think I don't know my own son! After he had visited you and Mrs. Counter, I was conversing with him here for some time.

Counter. I never saw him, I assure you.—Oh, this is some scheme of his to seduce my daughter from her duty; I see through it.—Mrs. Counter! Mrs. Counter;—Some plot, I am sure.

Sir Simon. Aye, very likely. This accounts for his agitation, and his leaving me so suddenly—the rogue!

REVIEW.

Spirit of English Tragedy. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE author of this compilation has chosen a title well calculated to arrest the attention of the admirers of poetry and the drama; yet much as it professes to accomplish, we venture to assert that few of the possessors of the *Spirit of English Tragedy* will rise dissatisfied from the perusal of its contents, for the selections not only display a very extensive and laborious research, but nice discrimination and refined taste. There are many quotations introduced from plays, with the very names of which, we are convinced, nine-tenths of the reading public are utterly unacquainted; and yet these dramas are pregnant with splendid imagery, poetic simplicity, and nervous sentiment. Among many beautiful specimens, we cannot refrain from noticing the following from "The Second Maiden's Tragedy."

A Husband's Grief at the Tomb of a Wife.

"Already mine eye melts; the monument
No sooner stood before it, but a tear
Ran swiftly from me, to express her duty.
Temple of honour! I salute thee early,
The time my grief rises. Chamber of peace!
Where wounded virtue sleeps, lock'd from the world,
I bring to be acquainted with thy silence,
Sorrows that love no noise; they dwell all around,
Where truth and love in every man should dwell.
Be ready boy! give me that strain again,
'Twill show well here, whilst, in my grief's devotion,
At every rest mine eye let's fall a bead,
To keep the number perfect."

The Freedom of the Mind.

"He's lost the kingdom; but his mind's restored,
Which is the larger empire? prithee tell me.
Dominions have their limits; the whole earth
Is but a prisoner, nor the sea her gaoler,
That, with a silver hoop, locks in her body;—
They're fellow-prisoners, though the sea looks bigger,
Because it is in office, and pride swells him;—
But the unbounded kingdom of the mind
Is as unlimitable as heaven, that glorious court of spirits.

Grief of a Lover.

"Oh! she's destroy'd! married to death and silence,
Which nothing can divorce; riches nor laws,
Nor all the violence this frame can raise:
I've lost the comfort of her sight for ever.
I cannot call this life that flames within me,
But everlasting torment lighted up,
To show my soul her beggary."

A Husband lamenting his Wife.

"Come, thou delicious treasure of mankind,
 To him that knows what virtuous woman is,
 And can discreetly love her! The whole world
 Yields not a jewel like her, ransack rocks,
 And caves beneath the deep. Oh thou fair spring
 Of honest and religious desires,
 Fountain of weeping honour! I will kiss thee,
 After death's marble lip."

The author of *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* is unknown, though it is stated, in the *Biographia Dramatica*, that the play was in manuscript, in the Marquis of Lansdowne's library, and is one of those which escaped the general havoc made by Mr. Warburton's servant. "The name of the author in the title-page seems, from the traces of letters, to have been Thomas Goff; but this is carefully obliterated, and George Chapman substituted in its stead, which has again been blotted out to make room for William Shakspeare. The play consists of two distinct plots; the one borrowed from the story of the Curious Impertinent related in Don Quixote; the other, which exhibits the conduct of the tyrant respecting the dead body of his mistress, from Camoens' *Luciad*."

We are glad to observe that this work contains many extracts from the writings of Lee, a poet, whose merits have been considerably underrated; for though he has been occasionally carried, by the ardour of his genius, beyond the bounds of reason and discretion, or degenerated into bombast and rant, to suit the taste of a vitiated age, yet his plays abound with an infinity of beauties, of the pathetic, the simple, and the sublime. Where, in the whole range of dramatic literature, can we find a more delicate or pleasing imagery than the following?

"The face of innocence on these rising horrors
 Looks like a midnight moon upon a murder."

And this brief description of a murderer is remarkably strong and terrible:—

"Hollow was his aspect,
 Graves in his smiles, death in his bloodless hands."

Had we sufficient space, we should indulge ourselves with further extracts; but we must be content for the present with observing, that, much as this book is entitled to commendation, for the beauty and variety of the selections, it possesses one feature more, which, we are convinced, will insure it an extensive patronage. There is not a single sentence in the work which can shock the delicacy of the "chastest maid," though the plays of many writers are introduced, notorious for their licentiousness of style.

Monsieur Tonson. Illustrated by R. CRUICKSHANK. Marsh & Miller.

MUCH as the public have been gratified with Mathews's and Gattie's acting in Moncrieff's farce of *Monsieur Tonson*, we think Cruickshank, by the mere powers of his pencil, has portrayed the

troubles of the persecuted Frenchman in a manner equally clever and ludicrous, and which, no doubt, will be very popular. There are six engravings, all highly amusing, and reflecting great credit on Mr. Cruickshank's inventive powers; but what struck us as the most talented, because it entirely depended on his imagination, is the illustration of the line,—

“And the poor Frenchman once more sought repose.”

It is a picture that would relax the facial muscles of the most rigid follower of Irving.

Phrenologists: a Farce. By THOMAS WADE, *Author of Woman's Love.*

THAT the author of *Woman's Love*, a drama replete with delicate and elegant sentiment, should write such a contemptible farago of nonsense, indecency and vulgarity, as the above, excites no less our surprise than our regret. But much as the author has exposed himself, the managers of Covent Garden are deserving of far greater censure, for daring to insult the audience by the production of a farce, whose sole attempts at wit or humour are confined to the following (for, as usual, out of the author's own mouth we will condemn him):—

“Enter Mrs. BRACER, CLARINDA, and LAURA, holding each other's tails, and shrieking. [There's novelty for you, as Bays would say.]

“Cranium. What's the matter?

“Mrs. Bracer. A great deal; 'tis infamous in you to populate the house with madmen.

“Sampson. Philo-progenitiveness, amounting to insanity.

“Mrs. Bracer. They are breaking all the utensils in the chamber.

“Clarinda. And the windows, papa.

“Laura. And the bedstead. You should not have put them into my room, Sir; that bed will never carry double again, let the carpenter do what he will.”

This delicate piece of wit had, of course, an irresistible effect upon the audience.

One more extract. This is a specimen of smart and elegant raillery:—

“Enter SAMPSON and Mrs. BRACER.

“Sampson. You are as hard-hearted as a cabbage, Mrs. Bracer: you don't appear to think me a lady's man, but I have been a great rumpler of gowns in my time, I can assure you, Mrs. Bracer; I once kissed a maid in the pantry, while her mistress was standing at the door, and she neither heard me, saw me, nor felt me.

“Mrs. Bracer. Saw you! I should wonder if she had, you are not a man at all, Sampson.

“Sampson. Arn't I; feel my beard.

“Mrs. Bracer. Your beard! why, Sampson, you are as bald-faced as a sucking jackass!”

MISCELLANIES.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

FOX AND THE DRAMA.

Fox, when a boy, frequently sustained a character in the plays performed at Holland House. The following account of one of these performances may be interesting to our readers; it is taken from Horace Walpole's Letters:—

"I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland House, acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways played the women. It was *Jane Shore*. Mr. Price, Lord Barrington's nephew, was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox, Hastings; a little Nichols, who spake well, Belmour; Lord Ofaly, Lord Ashbrooke, and other boys, did the rest; but the girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour, and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women, than I ever was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed, too, with seeing Mr. Fox's little boy, of six years old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves, and with a square cap. They had inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly. Francis had given them a pretty prologue."—P. 229.

STAGE CUSTOMS.

THE practice of sending forward one of the actors at the termination of the play, to announce the next day's performance, appears to be coeval with the existence of Theatres. Annexed to the Commendatory Verses prefixed to the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, are some lines by the Stationer, commencing thus:—

"As after th' Epilogue there come's some one,
To tell spectators what next shall be shown,
So, here am I."

COINCIDENCES AND IMITATIONS.

(Continued from Vol. I. p. 217.)

SHAKSPEARE AND MARLOWE.

THERE is little doubt that our "immortal bard" is under much greater obligations to Marlowe than many of his warm admirers would like to admit, or are indeed, at all conscious of. In Vol. I.

page 217, we exhibited several parallel passages in *The Jew of Malta* and *The Jew of Venice*. We now present some extracts from Shakespeare, which are palpably imitated from Marlowe.

"Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the Antarctic world into the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, break off thine incantations!"

Faustus.

"Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling looks,
Leaps from the Antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
And darksome night o'ershades the chrystal heavens,
Here break we off our hunting for to-night."

Taming of a Shrew.

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

—— "Had she lived before the siege of Troy,
Helen, whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
Had not been named in Homer's *Iliades*."

MARLOWE.

"More fair than was the Grecian Helena,
For whose sweet sake so many princes died,
That came with thousand ships to Tenedos."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,—
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own.
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs;
And Christian merchants, that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian Sea,
Shall vail to us."

MARLOWE. *Tamburlaine.*

"Sweet Kate,
Thou lovelier than Diana's purple robe,
Whiter than are the snowy Apennines,
Or icy hair that grows on Boreas' chin,
Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels brought from far
By Italian merchants, that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Tyrrhene main."

SHAKESPEARE. *Taming of a Shrew.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

At lovers' perjuries, they say Jove laughs; and it is to be hoped he regards the perjuries of poets with the same lenity, for they have been most egregious liars from the beginning of time; their encomiums upon brother poets in particular are always to be suspected, either as regards their justice or their sincerity. I am induced to

make this remark, from having lately been reading Wycherly's *Miscellanies*; and, perhaps, a more glaring instance of fulsome and misplaced praise is scarcely to be found, than occurs in a poem addressed to Dryden by Wycherly, "on being requested to join him in the composition of a comedy." It is scarcely credible that any man could muster up sufficient impudence to address such lines as the following to the author of those masses of bombast and fustian, *Aurengzebe*, and *The Conquest of Grenada*; or that most licentious of all comedies, *Limberham*:—

"You can with love the coldest hearts inspire,
And give, without concupiscence, desire;
With warm thoughts, yet as chaste as is your style,
You, without guilt, can make the modest smile;
Virgins your love without a blush may hear,
Which strikes their heart, yet never wounds their ear.
No pompous fustian in your plays we find,
More to confound than to surprise the mind;
No double-meanings on your Pit you pass,
Which stain our honour, and our wit debase."

E. G. P.

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

It was rather remarkable, that on the very day the author sent his tragedy of *The Earl of Essex*, to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, Dr. Philip Francis also sent his tragedy of *Constantine*. This somewhat embarrassed the manager, as to which he should bring out first. Jones's friends (and they were powerful in point of rank and numbers) pleaded the originality of his genius, and the pressure of his circumstances; but Francis disregarded these representations, and insisted that he had an equal claim. The manager felt the justice of this, and after ruminating for some time, proposed that they should toss up for the priority. The parties consented; and whilst the shilling was spinning in the air, Jones, who had been bred a bricklayer, cried out, "Woman!" by the grossest epithet he could make use of. He was successful, and the Doctor turned away in disgust, affecting to be more hurt at the indelicacy of his rival than his own ill-fortune.

Jones, after experiencing many reverses of fortune, died in great want, in a garret belonging to the master of the Bedford Coffee-House.

SHERIDAN.

"In society I have met Sheridan frequently; he was superb! He had a sort of liking for me, and never attacked me, at least to my face, as he did every body else—high names, and wits, and orators, some of them poets also. I have seen him cut up Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do little less by some others (whose names, as friends, I set not down), of good fame and ability.

"I have more than once heard him say, 'that he never had a shilling of his own.' To be sure, he contrived to extract a good many of other people's.

"He told me, that on the night of the good success of his *School for Scandal*, he was knocked down, and put in the watch-house for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen.

"When dying, he was requested to undergo an operation. He replied, that he had already submitted to *two*, which were enough for one man's life-time. Being asked what they were, he answered, having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture."—*Moore's Life of Byron*.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY LANE

SATURDAY, December 26.—*Jane Shore*; Rowe.—*Jack in the Box*; or, *Harlequin and the Princess of the Hidden Islands*.

At the request of several of our provincial friends, we insert the whole of the bill of fare of the Pantomime.

The Music by T. Cooke. The whole invented by Mr. W. Barrymore; *Flicker-flame*, the *Goblin*, Miss Lane; *Glimmer*, Mr. Sheriff; *Jack in the Box*, Mr. Richardson; *Blueblaze*, Mr. S. Jones; *Peep-ho*, *Guardian of the Adamant Box*, and *Pantaloon*, Mr. Barnes; *High-ho*, a *Knight on a love-errand*, and *Harlequin*, Mr. Howell; *Rungo*, his *Squire and Follower*, and *Clown*, Mr. J. S. Grimaldi; *Luciana*, *Princess of the Hidden Island*, and *Columbine*, Miss Ryal; *Ho-fum*, the *Giant Genius*, Mr. Altesse; *Hi-fum*, Madame Treslong; *Fum-she*, the *Giant's only Child*, Mr. Wieland; *Mammi Pappi*, her *Nurse*, Mr. Bartlett; *Kee-loc*, Mr. Brady; *Stoo-pan*, the *Giant's head cook*, Mr. Chikini; *Hon*, Mr. Trifletime, with a song, Miss Pool, her first appearance; *Dr. Syntar*, Mr. Eaton; *Master Grikkin*, Mr. Wieland; *Old Flying Dutchman*, Mr. Salter; *New Flying Dutchman*, Mr. Lapwing; *Siamese Youths*, with an united *Pas Deux*, Messrs. Wieland and Chikini; *Fisherman*, with a *Parody*, Mr. Eaton; *Mushapug*, the *Monkey*, the *Phænomenon*, Myn. Von Kleshnig.

New Grand Scenery.—Scene 1. The Enchanted Grove, and Goblin's Abode, (Stanfield); with Fairy Vision of the Hidden Island. 2. Exterior of Ho-fum's Palace, (Andrews). 3. The Giant's Dining Parlour, (Marinari). 4. Ascent to the Burning Mount, with Beacon Light, (Stanfield). 5. The Crater, by Moonlight, (Stanfield). 6. Splendid City of the Mists in the Hidden Island, (Stanfield). 7. Lime-kilns, near Gravesend, (Andrews). 8. New Post Office, at eight A. M., (Marinari). 9. The West End, at nine A. M. (Marinari). 10. A Little Way out of Town, (Andrews). 11. Veluti in Speculum, (Andrews); with a *Pas de Deux*, by Mr. Howell and Miss Ryall; Les Ombres, Mr. Chikini and Miss Macdonald. 12. The half-way house, (Andrews). 13. Cheese-monger's Shop, and Wine Vaults, (Adams). 14. Mount Edgecumbe, (Stanfield). 15. Gloucester Coffee-House—Snowy Night, (Andrews).

Stanfield's Grand Local Diorama, displaying Windsor—Town and Castle of Windsor—the River near Brocas Meadow, Sun-set, with Eton, by Moonlight—Windsor Great Park—the Castle—Plantations near the Royal Lodge—Virginia Waters—the Royal Pavilion—the Upper Lake—the dry Arch—to conclude with a grand display of the Falls of the Virginia Waters, in which thirty-nine tons of water will be introduced.

The tyrant Custom has decreed that John Bull should devour geese at Michaelmas, pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, and turkeys and pantomimes at Christmas. His appetite for the latter species of delicacy is somewhat on the decline; for there is little of that struggle and anxiety to be present at the first night of this sort of entertainment, which it is recorded our fathers evinced. The present production is one of the most splendid which has been produced for some years. The tricks and transformations, though not remarkable for novelty, are numerous; and the scenery throughout is excellent; especially Stanfield's Diorama, which is superior to any scenic exhibition ever before witnessed. The fault of *Jack in the Box*, and indeed of all the pantomimes of late years, lies in the inventor not having the art of "shooting folly as it flies." The idea of the Siamese boys dancing a pas de deux, is not bad; and some attempt is made to expose the dangers of the present rage, among the lower orders, for indulging in gin; but Mr. Barrymore's practical puns are vile. The Clown calls for a bottle of *light* wine; on drawing the cork, half a dozen of lighted candles appear. The Clown and Pantaloon, are admirably well sustained: indeed Barnes's Pantaloon is as perfect in its way, as any performance on the stage. The Columbine lacks beauty and grace.

MONDAY, December 28.—*Richard the Third*.—*The Pantomime*.

Mr. Price has abandoned his experiment, of reducing the prices of admission to the boxes.

TUESDAY, December 29.—*The Follies of Fashion*; Lord Glengall.—*The Pantomime*.

WEDNESDAY, December 30.—*Brutus*; Payne.—*The Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, December 31.—*Venice Preserved*; Otway.—*The Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, January 1.—*Othello*.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, January 2.—*My Wife! What Wife?* Poole.—*The Brigand*; Planché.—*The Pantomime*.

MONDAY, January 4.—*Richard the Third*.—*The Pantomime*.

TUESDAY, January 5.—*Rienzi*; Miss Mitford.—*The Pantomime*.

WEDNESDAY, January 6.—*The Merchant of Venice*.—*The Pantomime*.

Mr. Kean portrayed the turbulent and malignant passions of the Jew with his usual skill. Miss Phillips played Portia, with great success; and delivered the far-famed eulogy on mercy, in a very impressive and pleasing manner. Cooper's Bassanio is far inferior to Charles Kemble's, whose eloquent look of silent anxiety, during the progress of the trial, is one of his cleverest points.—The play was altogether well cast.—Gobbo, Mr. Webster; Lancelot, Mr. Harley; Lorenzo, Mr. Sinclair; Jessica, Miss Betts.

THURSDAY, January 7.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, January 8.—*Othello*.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, January 9.—*The Brigand*.—*My Wife! What Wife?*—*The Pantomime*.

MONDAY, January 11.—*Brutus*; Payne.—*The Pantomime*.

Mr. Howard Payne's *Brutus*, is a species of Yorkshire pie, a *pâté*, *Perigord*, containing many choice bits collected from various sources ; for we have a speech from Cumberland, a situation from Voltaire, and a scene from Lee ; the whole being highly seasoned with battle, murder, lightning, crushing of walls, thunder, &c. to suit the taste of the million.

We do not, however, mean to censure Mr. Payne for compiling a drama from the neglected works of departed dramatists ; though we think that it was at least incumbent upon him to state the names of the authors from whom he had pilfered. For is it not cruel, that a man like Lee, who assuredly possessed a poetical and splendid imagination, and who passed a life of poverty and distress, should be deprived of the only reward for his labours, the admiration of posterity ?

The present tragedy, notwithstanding the excellent materials which Mr. Payne had to work upon, is by no means a first-rate production. The incidents in the early part of the play are crowded together in a very confused manner, and bear too palpable marks of being introduced, not for developing the hero's character, or for forwarding the plot, but for exhibiting Mr. Kean's peculiarities.

We have said this much about Mr. Payne's *Brutus*, from having lately been gratified with the perusal of Lee's tragedy. Here, the character and the motives for "a father giving to the cruel axe, a darling son," are nobly and skilfully defined. The *Brutus* of Lee essentially differs from Voltaire's, and therefore is not the cold stoic who sacrifices his son for the pure love of justice ; he is actuated by a more powerful, and more excusable motive :—it is, that the lives of thousands might be saved. Rome is in that unsettled, disturbed state, that unless some extraordinary sacrifice be made, she must perish.

As *Brutus's* address to the senators fully illustrates his motives, we will give it :

"It has been found a famous truth in story,
Left by the ancient sages to their sons ;
That, on the change of empires for kingdoms,
Some sudden execution, fierce and great,
Such as may draw the world to admiration,
Is necessary to be put in act
Against the enemies of the present state.
"Had Hector, when the Greeks and Trojans met"
Upon the truce, and mingled with each other,
Brought to the banquet of those demi-gods,
The fatal head of that illustrious whore,
Troy might have stood there now. But that was wanting ;
Fate having, from eternity, set down
Rome to be the head of all the under world.
Raised with thought, and big with prophecy,
Of what vast good may grow by such examples,
Brutus stands forth to do a dreadful justice :
I come, oh ! conscript fathers, to do a deed
Wholly portentous, new, and wonderful ;
Such as, perhaps, never has been found
In all memorials of former ages ;
Nor ever will again."

Our publication is of too limited an extent for us fully to enter upon the merits of Lee's tragedy, as we could wish ; we must, how-

ever, point out to the admirers of nervous and dignified language, the affecting interview between Titus and his father, when the latter *entreats* his son to submit to an ignominious death, that he might fix "the reeling spirits of the people, and settle the loose liberty of Rome." In the final scene, the author has violated history; for Titus stabs himself before the judgment-seat. The play concludes with a most eloquent prayer, from Brutus, for the safety of Rome; while Voltaire's drama ends thus :

Enter a Senator.

Sen. Brutus ! Alas—

Brutus. My son is dead.

Sen. These eyes surveyed him.

Brutus. Thank we the bounteous gods ; their glorious work is perfect—Rome is free.

Kean, in the first four acts, with the solitary exception of the part where he received a blow from Horatius, displayed a melancholy decay of physical and mental capabilities. He was tame, soulless, and even insipid. The fire, and the soul-thrilling and bitter sarcasm ; the noble indignation ; the parental anxiety ; and the Roman ardour with which he had captivated thousands, in this character, seemed utterly extinct. We should not venture our single opinion in this instance, but such, alas, was the general sense of the house. In the last act, he partly recovered himself, and portrayed the conflicting agonies which rend the stern father's bosom, with some portion of his former genius. But we do decidedly enter our protest against that violent fit of hysterics into which this actor falls, after hearing the trumpet sound for the execution of Titus. It is a most gross piece of stage trickery, and totally out of character, as all who have consulted the works on this "wonderful deed," must acknowledge.

Mr. Aitkin performed Sextus, with great judgment ; and delivered his hints upon Collatinus, for his connubial fidelity, with much spirit. Cooper, in the last scene, evinced strong feeling, and was warmly applauded. Miss Faucit, as Tarquinia, was both awkward and affected. This young lady should practise in the provinces for a few years.—The pit was full, but the boxes were very indifferently attended.

TUESDAY, January 12.—*Artaxerxes*; Arne.—*The Citizen*; Murphy.—*The Pantomime*.

Artaxerxes, Madame Vestris ; Arbaces, Mr. Sinclair ; Artabanes, Mr. Bedford ; Mandane, Miss Betts.

The opera went off heavily. Miss Betts sung with great taste and power, and was encored in the "Soldier Tired." We have seen Madame Vestris to much greater advantage in Artaxerxes. There is an intolerable monotony about Mr. Sinclair's singing, which seems to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. Every individual, possessed of an ear for music, is able to anticipate the very graces, ornaments, and emphasis that Mr. Sinclair will adopt in any given piece of music. The mannerism of his style is insupportably fatiguing. Whether the character be grave or gay, sublime or comic, the *character* before us is always Mr. Sinclair. Singing, like speaking, of course, should always be accommodated to the character of the fictitious personage ; but Mr. Sinclair delivers the bravura of

a monarch, and the arietta of a page, with the same solemnity of tone and the same ingenious frivolity of expression.

In the farce, Madame Vestris was quite herself, and played Charlotte with the most agreeable vivacity. Farren was excellent, as the penurious, yet amorous Citizen. Harley's Young Philpot was not to our taste: yet he always seems so pleased with himself, and so anxious to please the audience, that we do not like to find fault with him. But we must notice, that there are some very witty descriptions belonging to the character, which he gave without the least point. Jones, or Brown, should have played this just sketch of city profligacy.—The house was full.—The Siamese boys visited the theatre, and, laughable enough, were received with *great applause*.

WEDNESDAY, January 13.—*The Merchant of Venice.*—*The Pantomime.*

THURSDAY, January 14.—*The Follies of Fashion.*—*The Pantomime.*

FRIDAY, January 15.—*Othello.*—*The Pantomime.*

SATURDAY, January 16.—*The Brigand.*—*The Citizen.*—*The Pantomime.*

MONDAY, January 18.—*Richard the Third.*—*The Pantomime.*

TUESDAY, January 19.—*The Brigand.*—*The Citizen.*—*The Pantomime.*

WEDNESDAY, January 20.—*The Merchant of Venice.*—*The Pantomime.*

THURSDAY, January 21.—*Masaniello.*—*The Pantomime.*

FRIDAY, January 22.—*Othello.*—*The Pantomime.*

SATURDAY, January 23.—*The Brigand.*—*My Wife! What Wife?* Poole.—*The Pantomime.*

MONDAY, January 25.—*Riches*; altered by Sir J. B. Burgess, from Massinger's *City Madam.*—*The Pantomime.*

Had Sir John B. Burgess been satisfied with weeding Massinger's play of certain indecencies and unnecessary incidents, we, in common with all the admirers of that poet, should have felt greatly obliged to Sir J., for being instrumental towards having it performed on the modern stage. But such is far from the case; for we regard the present adapter in the same light as we should a man who attempted to mend an antique marble statue with plaster of Paris. One of the most eloquent, and powerfully written comedies in our language, remarkable for that strong and original delineation of character in which Massinger so greatly excelled, is reduced to a mere thing of shreds and patches. The Luke of Sir J. B. Burgess is really inhumanly treated, and the terrible disappointment which he suffers, instead of raising emotions of pleasure in the audience, (as a just punishment inflicted upon him for his cruelty, as is the case in Massinger,) rather excites their commiseration.

Mr. Kean's Luke is one of his most just and varied personations; the crawling abject spirit, and the soft fellow-feeling of the humble petitioner for the wretched, were ably given. His delighted dream-like

amazement, when he is told Sir John is dead, and had left him the whole of his immense wealth, was remarkably fine, and his triumph on finding Lady Traffic and her daughter were left entirely in his power, was magnificent. In the last scene, the thrilling change from heroic boasting to a terror and abjectness disgraceful to humanity, was almost equal in effect to the last act of *Sir Giles Overreach*. The house was well attended. Mrs. Glover played the city madam admirably well.

TUESDAY, January 26.—*Masaniello*; B. Livius.—*Scape Goat*; Poole.—*Pantomime*.

COVENT GARDEN.

SATURDAY, December 26.—*The Royal Fugitive*; C. Kemble.—*Harlequin and Cock Robin*.

Vulcan, Mr. Fuller; *Cyclops*, Messrs. Purday, Ransford, Tett, &c.; *Æsop*, Mr. Mears; *Clout, the Farmer*, Mr. Henry; *Hobnail, his Apprentice*, (afterwards *Clown*) Mr. Paulo; *Cuddie*, (afterwards *Harlequin*) Mr. Ellar; *Pantaloon*, Mr. F. Sutton; *Sally*, (afterwards *Columbine*) Miss Egan; *Widow Wiggins*, Mr. Miller; *Dame Dovepigbee*, Mr. Turnour; *Fat Farmer*, Mr. Griffiths; *Spirit of Fire*, Master Harvey; *Mons. Sulphuriate*, (the *Fire King*) Mons. Arsenic; *Venus*, Miss Ryals; *Cupid*, Miss F. Marshall.

Scene 1. The Palace of Vulcan, (Grieve). 2. The Village of Robin's Nest on a Frosty Morning, (Grieve). 3. A Landscape, with *Æsop's Cottage*, (Grieve). 4. The Ruins of the Eagle Tower by Moonlight; in which is the Court of the Birds sitting in Judgment, with the Star of Venus (Grieve). 5. The Moving Palm Tree Grove, (T. Grieve). 6. Cottage of a Market Gardener, (W. Grieve). 7. The Outside of the Green Man Inn, (W. Grieve). 8. The Inclosure of St. James's Park, and the Royal Palace, (T. Grieve). 9. The Spread Eagle Tavern, and Baker's Shop, (Finley). 10. The Bake-house, (Finley). 11. The Fire King's Exhibition Room, (Finley). 12. Covent Garden Market, (Pugh). 13. New Covent Garden Market, by Moonlight, (Pugh). 14. The Watch-house, (Finley). 15. View on the River Thames, with Westminster Abbey, from the Boat House, (T. Grieve). 16. The Picture Gallery, (W. Grieve). 17. The Saloon of the New Bazaar, Oxford Street, (Finley). 18. *Roberts's Moving Diorama of the Polar Expedition*, representing the progress of the Hecla and the Fury, in their endeavours to discover a North-West Passage, beginning with 1, Deptford. 2, Discovery Prison Ship. 3, Greenwich. 4, Long Reach. 5, Gravesend. 6, A Line-of-Battle Ship off Sheerness. 7, The Nore. 8, The Ocean by Moonlight. 9, Hecla and Fury off Cape Farewell. 10, Hudson's Bay. 11, Baffin's Bay. 12, Melville Island, with Total Loss of the Fury. 13, Final Arrival of the Hecla in the Bay of Jeddo. 19. The Cave of Jamna, (Grieve). 20. Palace and Bower of Venus, (Grieve).

Vernon, on the hundredth night of the run of the *Beggar's Opera*, entirely forgot the words of one of his favourite airs. On being reprimanded by Rich for his negligence, (as he had so often sung it before) defended himself by saying, a "man's memory cannot last for ever." Probably, if Mr. Farley was questioned by any critic, as to the cause of the present pantomime being of so serious and so soporific a nature, he would answer, a "man's invention cannot last for ever."

Such a reply would be perfectly just: for few men have displayed more tact in the composition of this species of illegitimate drama, than Mr. Farley. Whether it will satisfy the managers for the losses the treasury sustains, is a question we have nothing to do with.

The opening scenes in *Harlequin and Cock Robin* are foolish, without being ridiculous; and are contrived without method. For the idea of Vulcan turning a man into a sparrow to kill a robin-red breast, because he is the favourite bird of the village, patronized by Venus, cannot excite mirth in man, woman, or child. The Clown and Pantaloon are inferior to Grimaldi and Barnes; but the Colombine is sprightly and pretty. The Diorama is not equal to the rival house: the subject is an unfortunate one—for the major part of the audience having just been exposed to the pitiless pelting of a snow-storm, or stumbling over the huge blocks of ice which encumber the streets, would like to see something warm and comfortable; such as the interior of the pandemonium, or the crater of Mount Vesuvius. The best thing in the pantomime is Mr. Henry's imitation of the Fire-king.

MONDAY, December 28.—*The Earl of Essex*; Jones.—*The Pantomime*.

We believe Macready was the last actor who resuscitated this tragedy from oblivion, about eight years ago, when it was acted one night. However, from the cool reception it experienced this evening, we do not think it will be again disturbed from its slumbers.

There has evidently a great change taken place in the taste of the public of late years—whether for the better, we leave our readers to judge. The dramas upon which our ancestors bestowed such encomiums and flattering plaudits, are received with coolness and contempt by the audiences of the present day: and what is rather extraordinary, the diurnal critics, who panegyrisé without limit the frothy compositions of such men as Planché, Kenny, &c. &c., run down the works of our departed dramatists. We are led to make this remark, by reading the criticisms in the *Times* on this tragedy, who abused it without mercy. And here let us notice, that this same critic of the *Times*, speaking of the French dramatists, made this unqualified sweeping assertion: “the French tragedies have as much poetry in them as the problems of Euclid:” a remark which proves him to be either very ignorant or very illiberal—“Something too much of this,” as Hamlet says. The tragedy of the *Earl of Essex*, though not remarkable for containing startling incidents, combats, drums, thunder, &c., is altogether well written, for the language contains many beautiful sentiments, elegantly and neatly expressed, as the following short passage on life, for instance:

Life! what is Life? A shadow!
Its date is but the immediate breath we draw;
Nor have we safety for a second gale:
Ten thousand accidents in ambush lie.
A frail and fickle tenement it is;
Which like the brittle glass that measures time,
Is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

Mr. Bennet sustained the part of the hero; and we are much rejoiced at seeing him again on the boards of a metropolitan theatre;

for his acting more frequently approximates to first-rate excellence, than any of his compeers, though it is disfigured by many unpleasant mannerisms, such as lengthening his syllables, after the manner of the French, and bestowing a strongly marked emphasis on unimportant words. But, then again, he displays such a strength of judgment and depth of feeling, in many of his personations, that we can more readily overlook these defects. In case his detractors should ask where Mr. Bennet evinced such strong marks of genius, we refer them to his Guerilla Chief, his Cataline, and the Count — (we forget the name) in the *Peasant Boy*.

With regard to his acting this evening, we have little to observe; for the audience were not by any means numerous. The house was bitterly cold. He was badly supported, and, moreover, felt rather confused at again facing a London audience. He, however, sustained the Earl with great discrimination and displayed a noble warmth of indignation in the scene where he is accused of treachery. The applause, here, was very great, and never more genuine. His parting interview with his wife, was touching and impressive; and would have been more so, but for the disgusting insensibility of Miss Lawrence, of whom anon. Miss Lacy gave the termagant portions of Queen Elizabeth's character with great success—"further this deponent sayeth not." Egerton yawned through the part of Burleigh. Abbot was unusually animated, in the early scenes. Miss Lawrence walked through the interesting part of Rutland, in a manner most insulting to the audience.

TUESDAY, December 29.—*Clari*; Payne.—*A Roland for an Oliver*; Morton.—*The Pantomime*.

WEDNESDAY, December 30.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, December 31.—*The Inconstant*.—*Personation*.—*The Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, January 1.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, January 2.—*Much Ado about Nothing*.—*The Pantomime*.

MONDAY, January 4.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Pantomime*.

Miss Kemble has been so very attractive, that the nights she performs invariably have covered the expenses of the week, and often left a surplus, averaging 100*l.*; so that all which has been taken on the remaining nights has been clear profit.

TUESDAY, January 5.—*A Husband's Mistake* (1st time).—*The Waterman*.—*The Pantomime*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Baron Saldorf, (Colonel of Militia) Mr. BARTLEY; Count Frederick Lowenstein, Mr. ABBOT; William, Mr. IRWIN; Fritz, (an Upholsterer, and Corporal of Militia) Mr. KEELEY; Madame Gigot, Mrs. GIBBS; Henrietta, Miss ELLEN TREE; Mina, Miss LAWRENCE; Blonde, Miss GOODWIN; Louisa, Mrs. BROWN; Adela, Miss PHILLIPS; Frill, Miss REED.

The new comedy (Apollo forgive the misnomer) is a translation from a drama, called *La Fiancée*; which Mr. Planché is now preparing for Drury Lane, where it will be produced, (so say the

papers) with Auber's music: the copyright of which, Mr. Price has purchased. Giving the public a *literal translation* of a French opera, without the music, and styling it a comedy, is certainly a novel expedient which the Covent-Garden managers have hit upon for filling the treasury.

A certain Count Lowstein, whom every body had supposed to have been gathered to his fathers, when engaged in a late war, suddenly returns to his native city, Vienna, and hears that his beloved Sophia is married to Baron Saldorf. He endeavours, at night, to get into the Baron's house, to obtain an interview with his lady-love, but is discovered in the attempt. The good natured Baron, however, imagines that Henrietta, a milliner, a protégé of the wife, was the object of his midnight attack. This raises the jealousy of Fritz, an upholsterer, and a corporal of militia, who was to have been married to Henrietta the next day. It would be to little purpose, were we to go through the whole of the plot. It is sufficient to state, that Henrietta makes such noble efforts to preserve the reputation of her mistress, even at the hazard of losing her own, and the Count is so touched with her fidelity, that he offers her his hand, which is accepted.

The moral of this drama is excellent; and we think all the milliners and ladies'-maids in the metropolis ought to be allowed to see it gratis, as it seems principally written for their edification; for it teaches, that if a married lady feels half inclined to intrigue with a youthful lover, and is in danger of being discovered, what a noble opportunity is offered to the lady's-maid, or milliner, to show their zeal and fidelity; and, how they, moreover, may, like Henrietta, marry their mistress's gallant.

Keeley portrayed his jealous perplexities with a good deal of humour; but there is as much sameness about his acting, as in the singing of Mr. Sinclair, or the declamation of Mr. Warde.

WEDNESDAY, January 6.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, January 7.—*A Husband's Mistake*.—*The Robber's Wife*.—*The Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, January 8.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, January 9.—*A Husband's Mistake*.—*The Waterman*.—*The Pantomime*.

MONDAY, January 11.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Pantomime*,

TUESDAY, January 12.—*A Husband's Mistake*.—*Phrenologists*.—(1st time).—*The Pantomime*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Quickset, Mr. WRENCH; Sampson, Mr. KEELEY; Mr. Cranium, Mr. BLANCHARD; Pinchley, Senior, Mr. BARTLEY; Pinchley, Junior, Mr. BALLS; Block, Mr. EVANS; Constable, Mr. TURNOUR; Keeper, Mr. ATKINS; Laura, Mrs. KEELEY; Clarinda, Miss LAWRENCE; Mrs. Bracer, Mrs. J. HUGHES.

Young Pinchley runs away from his father's residence at Calcutta, and contrives to get into the house of his uncle, (Mr. Cranium, a professor of phrenology, who had had a violent quarrel with his brother-in-law,) by the address of his valet, Quickset, and under the pretence that he is devoted to the science of phrenology. Having accomplished

this object, he makes love to his cousin, Clarinda; his scheme is, however, threatened with instant destruction by the unexpected arrival of his father from the East Indies, with his man Block. Thus situated, Pinchley hits upon this expedient: he persuades Cranium that he does not know his own brother-in-law, and that the said brother-in-law is no other than a certain remarkable madman, whom Dr. Wrybrain, a master of a lunatic asylum, had sent with his keeper to be phrenologised by Cranium. In the end, after the breaking of sundry windows, and pieces of china and glass, the trick is discovered by Cranium, but not until his niece and Pinchley had escaped and got married.

WEDNESDAY, January 13.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, January 14.—*A Husband's Mistake*.—*The Phrenologists*.—*The Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, January 15.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, January 16.—*A Husband's Mistake*.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The Pantomime*.

MONDAY, January 19.—*Grecian Daughter*; Murphy.—*The Pantomime*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Evander, Mr. C. KEMBLE; Dionysius, Mr. BENNET; Philotus, Mr. WARDE; Phocion, Mr. ABBOT; Euphrasia, Miss FANNY KEMBLE. The cast of this tragedy, when first acted, was, Evander, Mr. BARRY; Philotus, Mr. REDDISH; Dionysius, Mr. PALMER; Euphrasia, Mrs. BARRY.

The Grecian Daughter is by no means one of our best tragedies; the language is inflated and heavy, containing matter without novelty, and sentiment without nerve or dignity; and though a lively sympathy is raised in all bosoms by the aged and imprisoned king being withheld from death by the unexampled piety of his daughter, the incident, though weighty, is not enough in itself to constitute an apology for that long drawling succession of flat ideas to which the auditor is compelled to listen, preparatory to this deed of wonder. Miss Kemble, in the laborious and interesting part of the heroine, expressed the varied passions of joy, hope, grief, indignation, and despair, with such originality, pathos, and judgment, and embellished the character with such a variety of dignified and elegant attitudes and impressive action, that we are convinced so matchless an union of natural and acquired excellence has not been exhibited by any female since the departure of Mrs. Siddons. In the early scenes, the actress has but little scope for displaying any extraordinary powers; the audience were, however, much captivated with the deep feeling expressed by her plaintive tones, when she stated to Melancthus her filial motives for remaining at Syracuse. In the second act, the energetic burst of indignant feeling with which she echoed back the declaration of Philotus, "if he dare," he would admit her to her father's prison, was finely illustrative of that god-like virtue which distinguishes this Grecian princess; in the whole of the following scene with Evander, her filial piety was delicately and beautifully expressed; while her frantic cries for assistance, when she supposes him to be dying, were almost appalling.

It was, however, in the fourth act that Miss Kemble's genius shone forth with such prominent lustre. When Dionysius, harassed by his foes, and suspicious of his friends, demands an interview with

Euphrasia, the air of half-expressed scorn with which she regarded his hypocritical offers of friendship was remarkably just ; but when the tyrant threatened instantly to kill Evander unless she prevailed on her husband to withdraw his forces, she replied with such an imperious look of dignified contempt, and of impassioned grandeur of action, that the house literally rung with applause. With equal success did she portray the contrasted emotions of hope and fear, when Philotus, on being questioned by the tyrant, declares Evander had died in prison. Her rushing to the deliverer of her father, and falling at his feet to pour forth her tears of gratitude (after the departure of Dionysius), was a fine trait of originality. The sudden impulse and energetic action with which she stabbed the tyrant, is well deserving of notice ; and her covering her face with her veil immediately afterwards was delicate and feminine.

Mr. C. Kemble cannot play any character without exhibiting strong marks of discrimination, but we must confess that we never saw anything more unfortunate than his performance of Evander : his delineation of the decrepitude and feebleness of old age was perfectly just ; but then it was exactly similar to his inimitable personation of Pillage in *A Bold Stroke for a Wife* ; while his *fat husky* tones ever reminded us of his Falstaff. In the scene where the old king boasts of his former prowess, it was the jolly knight all over ; so much so, that many could with difficulty refrain from laughter.

Mr. Bennet was rather too boisterous in Dionysius, who is a sad blustering blockhead, something like Barbarossa, which the players style "a part to tear a cat in." The determined manner in which he delivered his final threats to Euphrasia, in the fourth act, evinced a just conception of the character.

The house was crowded, and, at the conclusion, the major part of the pit rose, and waved their handkerchiefs, &c.

TUESDAY, January 19.—*A Husband's Mistake*.—*Giovanni in London*.—*The Pantomime*.—Miss Forde played and sung the hero with great spirit.

WEDNESDAY, January 20.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, January 21.—*A Husband's Mistake*.

FRIDAY, January 22.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, January 23.—*Shakspeare's Early Days* ; Somerset.—*A Husband's Mistake*.—*The Pantomime*.

MONDAY, January 25.—*The Grecian Daughter*.—*The Pantomime*.

TUESDAY, January 26.—*A Husband's Mistake*.—*Giovanni in London*.—*The Pantomime*.

SURREY THEATRE.

MONDAY, January 11.—*Sally in our Alley* (1st time).—*Black-Eyed Susan*.—*The Pantomime*.

We feel a double satisfaction in announcing the success of any of Mr. Jerrold's writings ; for he is not one of those "recreant bards," who glean the vile refuse of a Gallic stage. All his dramas are

true English, from top to toe : so that his very failures are entitled to respect. We have not room to go through the plot of *Sally in our Alley*; as Mrs. Garrick's life, and the length of our Reviews, have taken up far more space than we expected.—Mr. T. P. Cooke played Captain Harpoon, a warm-hearted veteran seaman, with great applause. To enumerate the excellencies of his acting, in this line of character, would be wanton and ridiculous. Mr. Hunt, who possesses a very sweet and manly voice, sung some of our fine old ballads, with a considerable degree of taste and proper simplicity.

The Brigand has been got up here with great success—the Brigand, by Mr. T. P. Cooke, whose attitudes are picturesque and beautiful in the extreme.

MONDAY, January 25.—*Gurvise Skinner*, adapted by Mr. Jerrold, from T. Hook's clever tale of "Penny Wise and Pound Foolish."—*The Brigand*.—*Specimens of Antique Sculpture*; by Mr. T. P. Cooke.—*Forest of Bondy*. For the benefit of Mr. T. P. Cooke.—The house was crowded to excess.

The Pantomime, at this house, was founded on "the scholastic legion of *A Apple Pie*." The opening scenes are far the most amusing of any produced this season.

COBURG THEATRE.

SATURDAY, December 26.—*The Banks of the Hudson*; or, *Jonathan Dobson, the Congress Trooper*, a drama cleverly adapted by Mr. T. Dibdin, from a work called the "Chelsea Pensioner." The principal characters were sustained by Gomersal, Davidge, Cobham, and Huntley, whom we are glad to see once more upon these boards. The pantomime is written by Mr. Buckstone, and called, *Harlequin and the Genii of the Enchanted Lamp*; or, *the Hall of the Hundred Lamps*. The scenery was excellent; the enchanted garden of rubies, by Phillips, is most beautiful.

A very laughable burlesque, from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, entitled *Siamorindinaboo, Princess of Siam*. This is a clever amusing parody of the piece now performing at the Adelphi; produced for the purpose of exhibiting a rival female Elephant, who, though not so large nor so old as the sister star, is extremely docile. Miss Byrne, Miss Sloman, and Conquest sung some amusing parodies, which were encored.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

After the *Elephant of Siam*, a pantomime was produced, entitled *Harlequin and Gammer Gurton*. A dwarf is the principal attraction, under the unassuming denomination of Senor Santiago de los Santos, who has been lately exhibiting (so say the papers) in some of the shows at a penny a-head. The Elephant's salary is 20*l.* a night.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The Hag of the Forest Raven, written by Mr. W. H. Williams, was the Christmas entertainment at this theatre.

OLYMPIC.

The Polar Star ; or, Harlequin King of the Golden Mountains, written by Mr. Stafford, the author of *Love's Frailty*, has been produced here. Mr. Hartland enacted the Clown with great humour.

TOTTENHAM STREET THEATRE.

TUESDAY, January 12.—*The Field of Forty Footsteps*. The main incidents in this drama have long been before the public—a lover, during his absense, having his mistress's ear abused with a forged tale of his death, and then returning just in time to save her from the clutches of his rival.—The principal characters were well sustained by Vining, Gattie, P. Farren, Miss A. Tree, and Mrs. Waylett. *Don Giovanni in London*.—Mrs. Waylett's *Don Giovanni* is full of life and spirit; and she sings most delightfully. Miss A. Lee performs *Leporello*.

The American Papers state, that Booth, the Tragedian, is labouring under a fit of mental derangement.

We are happy to state, that Mr. J. Isaacs's benefit was very well attended at the Haymarket Theatre: the performances were, *The Sublime and Beautiful*; Elizabeth, Madame Vestris: *A Roland for an Oliver*; Maria Darlington, Miss Foote.

POETRY.

TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

A LARGE party of Thespians, as well as several of our Dramatists, assembled in the Green-room of Drury-lane Theatre, this evening, to partake of Baddeley's cake and wine; the party indulged in the usual festivities of the night—such as the drawing of characters, &c.—and the following appropriate mottos fell to the lot of the under-mentioned ladies and gentlemen:—

MESSRS. MATHEWS AND YATES.

But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill, which every fool can reach,
A vile stage custom, honour'd in the breach;
Worse, as more close, the disingenuous art,
But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a man, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking nature's fair and open road,
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust, I loathe the servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.—*Lloyd*.

MESSRS. POCOCK, PAYNE, PLANCHE, AND POOLE.

Various the shifts of authors now-a-days,
 For Operas, Farces, Pantomimes, and Plays :
 Some scour each alley of the town for wit,
 Begging, from door to door, the offal bit ;
 Gut every novel, strip each monthly muse,
 And pillage Poet's-corner of its news :
 That done, they melt the stale farrago down,
 And set their dish of scraps before the town ;
 Boldly invite you to the *pilfer'd* store,
 Cram you, then wonder you can eat no more.
 Others to foreign climes and kingdoms roam,
 To search for what is better found at home :
 The recreant bard, oh ! scandal to the age !
 Gleans the vile refuse of a Gallic stage.—*Cumberland's Prologue.*

MR. WADE.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense.

MR. LACY.*

Damnation follows death in other men,
 But your damn'd poet lives and writes again.

MR. RAYMOND.

What a fine man hath your tailor made you !—*Massinger.*

MADAME VESTRIS.

She shall be buried with her face upwards.—*Shakspeare.*

MR. KEAN.

He hath many admirers that know not
 Why they are so ; but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do.—*Henry VIII.*

MR. WARDE.

No varying sounds from his eloquence flow,
 To mark the gradations of gladness or woe ;
 But a tedious monotony hangs on the ear,
 Discordant if loud, unmeaning if clear.—*Williams.*

MR. MACREADY.

In man or woman, from my soul, I loathe
 All affectation ; 'tis my perfect scorn,
 Object of my implacable disgust.—*Cowper.*

MRS. H. CORRI.

This, this is she that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasant sharps.—*Shakspeare.*

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

Hail ! child of nature, and the pride of art ;
 Equally form'd to glad and pain the heart :
 Thro' various passions you accomplish'd shine ;
 Your looks expressive speak the coming line.
 Ador'd while living ; with applause you die ;
 Each judge beholds you with a Jaffier's eye.†

* Author of *Soldier's Stratagem*, which was damned the second night; *Coquet*, ditto; *Step Mother*, ditto.

† She had just been playing *Belvidera*.

MR. YOUNG.

Thy worth, like wine, through age does ripen grow,
 Brighter and clearer; aye, and stronger too;
 Nor shows thy long-liv'd skill the least decay,
 But in old age new glories does display.
 So Phæbus, after all his course, appears
 Bright as at first, and as unchang'd by years:
 Does nothing of his fire or lustre lose,
 But sets at last, as glorious as he rose.—*Wycherly's Remains.*

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.

The "stars" having disappeared, the stock company came into play on Monday, when the tragedy of *Macbeth* and the afterpiece of *Charles the Twelfth* were acted, for the amusement of an audience fewer in numbers than were the performers in the witches' chorus scene as assembled on the stage. Mr. Cooke played *Macbeth*: he has a good voice and not a bad figure, and possesses some qualities for characters of an inferior order; but his vulgarisms are of the worst description. He is what they call a foim man—a tebble and cheer speaker. When looking on Banquo he exclaimed, "There is no speculation in those eyes." *Charles the Twelfth* is a very amusing piece, and was exceedingly well performed. Indeed it was surprising that with such a dispiriting prospect before them, those engaged in the scene could exert themselves so as to elicit a smile from the shivering few who enacted the part of the audience, yet they did succeed. We never saw Mr. Calcraft play so well: he was inimitably dressed, and gave the particularities of the warlike king with striking fidelity. It was a historical portrait rather than a farcical exhibition, and Mr. Calcraft evidently studied the part elsewhere than in a translation from a French *petite comédie*. Mr. Latham played a laughing good-humoured peasant admirably; but Johnson overdid the Burgomaster almost beyond endurance. This, we believe, is the first condemnatory expression we ever used in reference to this excellent and useful actor. Miss Kenneth was, as usual, correct and lady-like. On the whole, we have not seen any thing on the boards of Hawkins-street so well done by the present company as this very entertaining afterpiece. The coldness of the house was dreadful.—*Dublin Paper, Jan. 13.*

NEWCASTLE.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Magazine.

If the following notice of the progress of affairs at this theatre since the opening for the present winter season meets with your approbation and insertion, you will greatly oblige me.—The house opened rather unusually early, on Monday, Oct. 5th, 1829, with, as has been customary under the present management, an almost entirely new company, collected from various establishments in the kingdom, and announced here with no small portion of puff preliminary relative to their individual and collective merits. The opening piece was Morton's *Speed the Plough*, which exhibited their claims to considerably more advantage than any subsequent piece in which they have, as a body, appeared. It would be trespassing too much upon the valuable space of your Magazine, as well as the patience of your numerous readers, were I to enter into a long and tedious discourse, in a communication like the present, with the sole object of proving how far the manager and I differ in our opinions relative to the abilities of his "*entirely new company*,"—a circumstance, I imagine, of not very uncommon occurrence. I shall therefore, for the most part, confine myself to a glance at the different novelties presented, in the shape of stars, new pieces, and new actors, premising of the latter that I have allowed a space of twelve weeks to pass over before I have proceeded to comment upon them in your publication, so as to prevent the possibility of my being charged with exercising a premature judgment towards them.—Mr. Kean was the first of the successive list of stars who have been so numerous as to leave no space for me beyond that for a mere marking down of the several characters performed by them, and the attraction of their names, as exerted upon the receipts of the

manager's treasury. Mr. Kean played Shylock, Richard, Othello (twice), Macbeth, Sir Giles Overreach, and Reuben Glenroy, with but one exception to half-filled houses. It is also a very hacknied list, run through and through by himself and every leader; and at the time, his powers, mental and corporal, were pronounced on all hands to be sadly fallen into "*the sear and yellow leaf*." Madame Vestris followed Kean,—her first performances on these boards,—and brought golden proofs of the public admiration. She sustained for six nights, supported occasionally by her sister, Miss Bartolozzi, the parts of Justine, Apollo, Lady Teazle, Miss Arlington, Mary Copp, Don Giovanni, Letitia Hardy, Phoebe, Vincent, Lady Contest, and Elizabeth in the *Sublime and Beautiful*. Miss Paton, on her way from York to Edinburgh, for two nights, and more recently on her return for one night, appeared as Annette, Rosetta, and Lucy Bertram, to the most crowded houses yet witnessed this season. Little Burke, originally engaged for six nights, which engagement was afterwards extended to twelve nights, displayed no little versatility in a very extended range of tragedy, comedy, farce, &c. Young Norval, Doctor Pangloss, Dennis Brulgruddery, Richard III., Terry O'Rourke, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, General Bombastes, Crack, Lord Grizzle, Looney Mactwolver, Albert, Baron Willinghurst, My Lord Duke, Hamlet, Lingo, Jobson, Murtock Delaney, Billy Black, and Romeo, besides characters in pieces got up expressly for him—such as *The March of Intellect*, *Home for the Holidays*, and *A Day after the Fair*. Burke's little brother, several years his junior, supported him as Tom Thumb, Duke of York, &c.; and the house, considering many drawbacks, was for the most part pretty well filled, rarely falling below an average of thirty and forty pounds. Signor Vanafra and some dancers got up, to empty benches, *Masaniello* and *The Schoolmaster*, two ballets of action, without any new scenery, dresses, or decorations. Mrs. W. West, who was announced for Belvidera, Adelgitha, Miss Dorrillon and Therese, only appeared in the two last for one night, whilst Miss Smithson, being engaged for five evenings only, played twice as Belvidera and Mrs. Simpson, Imogene and Lady Contest.

During the month of December the audiences were frequently dismissed before the rising of the curtain, both when the stars Vanafra, West and Smithson have, and have not, been in requisition; and finally, the management were, for a

space of three weeks together, reduced to the necessity of shutting up their shop, totally driven out of the field by the attraction of the Equestrian Circus, recently opened by Mr. Ducrow, and to which the fickle public, ever on the hunt after novelty, without ceremony, deserting the old banner hoisted at the Theatre Royal, walked over to them "of the opposite faction," whose attractive entertainments on a scale never before witnessed in this town, proved a "tower of strength" quite irresistible. The new pieces, owing to the constant influx of stars, have not been very numerous, and have hitherto consisted for the most part of farces and afterpieces, such as *Happiest Day of my Life*, *Law and Lions*, *Jocunde*, *William Thompson*, *El Hyder*, &c. each has gone off pretty well, and been repeated. Of the stock company, I may remark generally, that if in one or two points it is superior to that of last winter, in as many others it as decidedly fails on comparison. Mr. George Gray, from Bath, is the leader, and must be allowed to excel Mr. H. Kemble in every possible point of view. He came out in *Iago* and *Wellborn*, to the *Othello* and *Sir Giles of Kean*, with considerable applause. He has since played *Hamlet*, *Rienzi*, *Bertram*, &c. with effect, and several parts of lesser import with great success. Mr. Simpson, from Windsor, bustles through the *Bob Handy* business with ease and ability, but as second general actor he is sadly inferior to Mr. Marston, a favourite of last season, who has joined the *Durham*, *Sunderland* and *Scarborough* companies. Mr. Barry was announced from *Cheltenham*, and "it were devoutly to be wished" that the managers here would allow him to go back again. He mouths the heavy business in a heavy manner; and take him for all in all, is the most disagreeable member of the corps. Mr. Dodd, the low comedian, was a great favourite some years ago, and he retains the same station yet. He has a Listonian ugliness of feature, which tells excellently well in all his parts, and he will doubtless, by care and attention, eventually fill a higher station in the dramatic world at no very distant period. Mr. Brooks gets decently well through some of the old men, and the country boys, both of which used to be personated so inimitably by Mr. G. B. Butler, now of the *Adelphi*, where his fine talents are in a great measure lost and buried. Mrs. Brooks, who, under *De Camp*, used to figure away as *Miss Moreton*, in second and third rate farcical, comic, and burlesque characters, now ambitiously, after

six years absence, comes before us the leading actress: her Lady Macbeth ("Heaven save the mark") was a horrible roaring piece of business, pretty well matched by the murdered Thane in the hands of Kean, who to a certainty must have been out of his senses to disgrace himself as he did in the Scottish tyrant. A Miss Crofton and a Miss Hutchins, who came out as Susan Ashfield, Ophelia, Jessica, &c. have been dismissed from sheer inefficiency, but the manager, in his wisdom, has not thought proper to provide any substitute, and accordingly we find his own daughters, Miss Nicholson, Miss A. Nicholson, Miss M. Nicholson, Miss I. Nicholson, *cum multis aliis*, placed in every thing night after night, without any qualifications that I can discover beyond their own good-will and their father's wishes.—Bad as we are off in most respects, we are however worse in opera; and such was the wretchedness of the formation of the company in this respect, that Miss Burrell was obliged to come on for Young Meadows, Henry Bertram, &c. to support Miss Paton, whilst the other singing characters—those of Rashley, Trumore, Sophia, Julia Mannering, &c. were committed to the keeping of the secondaries of the stage without a note or comment.

I have now completed my glance, and wanting further inclination to extend my notice beyond the information that Mr. Vandenhoff is now going the round of King Lear, Cato, &c. I conclude by subscribing myself, yours, &c. A. D.

Newcastle, Jan. 13, 1830.

NORWICH.

On Saturday evening, a new pantomime was produced, called *Harlequin Tom the Piper's Son*. A variety of comic situations follow, in which Mr. Hill and Mr. Marquis keep the audience in great good humour with their numerous tricks. On Thursday evening, a new piece was brought out, called *The Robber's Wife*, and was received with much applause. This evening (Saturday) Mr. Hill takes his benefit, and it will be the last night of the pantomime. As a very excellent clown Mr. Hill deserves to be rewarded for his exertions, and we have no doubt the performances will, as the bill promises, afford "abundance of good things for the lover of fun, frolic, and good humour."

The Christmas theatrical season is now drawing to a close, after which we understand it is the intention of the manager to open the Yarmouth Theatre for a short period, where we hope the merits

and exertions of the company, and the spirited endeavours of the manager to provide amusement for his audiences, will be better supported than they have been in this place.

The public will perceive by an advertisement, that the manager has concluded an engagement with that interesting actress Miss S. Booth, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, who is perhaps the only legitimate successor of Mrs. Jordan, and whose talent has deservedly placed her in the highest rank of her profession. We trust the liberality of the public will appreciate and reward these additional arrangements for their amusement.—*Norwich Paper*, Jan. 23.

SHEFFIELD.

On Friday night last, *Henry the Eighth*, and for the first time, the *Early Days of Shakspeare*, were performed, and announced in the bills of the day "for the benefit of Mr. Butler, the manager." On this occasion the house was well filled, not crowded, in every part. Mr. Butler sustained the character of Wolsey; his highly-talented sister, Mrs. Percy, was Queen Katharine. On their first appearance in their respective characters they were both warmly greeted by the audience—a testimony of esteem which the manager never fails to receive from his Sheffield friends on his first entree every evening that he performs. It is a friendly greeting, which says, "How do you do?" and "Glad to see you" as plainly and intelligibly as any expression of good-will and kind feeling can possibly do. The play of *Henry the Eighth* had on this occasion been prepared for exhibition with more than ordinary care. Splendid scenic effect and accurate costume had evidently been attended to in the preparation of this fine historical drama: the dresses and pageants were rich and beautiful. Mr. Butler's tragedy is almost invariably excellent: there is a witchery in his speaking, whenever he is not boisterous, that delights his hearers; the sounds are so liquid and beautiful that they fall like music on the ear, and melt insensibly into the heart. This was the principal charm of his Wolsey; it may, however, be remarked, that the beauties and the blemishes of his acting, or rather his speaking, are nearly allied; that is, they are often placed in juxtaposition with each other. The beginning and the middle of his sentences are all that the most fastidious ear could require—towards the close he sometimes is inaudible, even for a whole line together: this should never be—the language of the

poet should never be so indistinct as not to be heard, even on the farthest off bench in a theatre. Mr. Butler's Wolsey was nevertheless worthy of his high reputation; inferior certainly to his Hamlet, and his Coriolanus, but yet distinguished for talent, feeling, and discrimination. Mrs. Percy's Queen Katharine was beautifully, richly, and accurately attired: she looked the character well, and sustained it with becoming dignity and feeling. The remaining characters of this fine play were extremely well dressed, and efficiently performed, particularly Cromwell by Mr. Phelps.

Mr. Butler has certainly brought together one of the best companies of comedians that we have had for many years. We hope his spirited exertions in providing for the amusements of his theatrical friends here will be adequately rewarded. The afterpiece—*The Early Days of Shakspeare*, was greatly and deservedly applauded.—*Sheffield Paper*, Jan. 23.

MR. MACREADY.—The violent measure recently resorted to by Mr. Alexander, of arresting Mr. Macready's trunks in Edinburgh, in consequence of that gentleman failing to perform at Dumfries and Carlisle, has given rise to one or two reports altogether erroneous, which we consider it our duty to contradict. We have observed in more than one of the provincial papers, paragraphs insinuating that Mr. Macready acted under the influence of caprice, although we know upon the very best authority that at considerable personal loss and inconvenience, Mr. Macready found it necessary to proceed home immediately in consequence of the unexpected return of an alarming constitutional complaint to which he is subjected. Editors should really be upon their guard before they put into circulation stories so materially calculated to injure a person of Mr. Macready's profession.—*Glasgow Paper*.

BRIGHTON, Jan. 20.

On Saturday evening we looked in; there we saw the stage miserable as usual, and the house more miserable than the stage. When the curtain drew up the audience consisted of one lad in the pit, three children and two grown persons in the boxes, while in the gallery the first row was not occupied to its full extent. It was rather ludicrous, by the by, to see the distinction which reigned among the gods: the company were divided into two parties—the one keeping at a respectful distance from the other. On the O. P. side sat about a

dozen of the laity, while four of the clergy occupied the P. S. in sable vestment clad. The night was devoted to Miss S. Booth, who had been induced, from misrepresentations which the event falsified, to play a whole week, and as a remuneration for her services to share the receipts with the manager on her benefit night, after deducting twenty pounds for the expenses of the house. When it is remembered that her benefit was fixed for the same night which Madame Sale's splendid concert took place at the Old Ship, the reader will agree with us that Miss Booth owes but little to the liberality of the manager.

BATH, Jan. 23.

There were two new pieces produced this week—the *First of May* and the *Maid of Judah*: the latter was got up in a most splendid and imposing manner. The character of Rebecca is one most unexceptionably adapted to Miss Paton, both as regards personal and dramatic qualifications: she obtained great and deserved applause throughout the opera. Mr. Bellamy (the manager), as the Jew, caught the very spirit of the author's creation. Mr. Stuart, in addition to the merits of his acting, looked the Norman templar admirably well. Wouds was very amusing as Wamba. Bianchi Taylor was the Ivanhoe: he is an accomplished musician, but has a very feeble and powerless voice. Crowded houses have attended the performances every night during the week.

BIRMINGHAM.

So completely unsuccessful has been the speculation of De Begnis and his Italian company at our theatre, that after performing on Monday night last, he and his corps dramatique suddenly withdrew from the town on the following morning, although the performances the night before they left were advertised as for the benefit of the manager; there was not more than twenty pounds in the house. We understand De Begnis and his disappointed company betook themselves to Leamington.

MANCHESTER.

The *School for Reform* and *The Cabinet* were the only novelties of the week. Mr. White sung *Kathleen Amore* with accompaniment most exquisitely, and Miss Field acquitted herself with her usual success.

The treasury of this theatre has been robbed to some extent. Mr. Knowles is delivering a course of lectures on the drama in this town.

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NATHANIEL FIELD.

A CELEBRATED ACTOR IN SHAKSPEARS PLAYS.
FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN DULWICH COLLEGE.



R. Cruikshank del.

MISS MORDAUNT,
AS LADY SPLASHTON IN FOLLIES OF FASHION.

Engraved for the Dramatic Magazine, March 1st 1830.